

grave. Dispel this earthly delusion, and, if you are a child of God, think of yourself as traveling up to the glory beyond. Look out some bright night upon the starry heavens and say to yourself, These are the mansions of the Father's house. To them I am hastening. I am as a man upon a weary and lonely journey, a journey in the night, longing for the warmth and brightness and love that awaits me at home. Or I am as one bound upon a bed of sickness, longing and hastening to the time of perfect health. Or I am as the prisoner in the dungeon, listening for the opening of the door that shall usher me into the blessed sunlight again, amid the bloom and the melody of springtime. Thus are we hastening, brother, up, up, up, into an eternity of love and life, of joy and power. The stars beckon us. The worlds celestial bloom for us. Away with gloomy thoughts of death, for "he that believeth in me shall never die."

The Milk of Human Kindness

Isn't it strange that war atrocities do not seem to excite much pity in the human mind? Not long ago a perfect storm of indignation swept over England because a sea captain took a live gull and shut it up in an ice box on board his vessel to see how long it would live. He had a scientific object in the test, and did not subject the poor bird to the torture from mere malice, but this did not save him from the wrath of an outraged public sentiment. At the very same moment the whole English nation was burning the homes of the Boers in South Africa, and turning thousands of helpless women and children out of doors, exposing them to every conceivable hardship, to hunger, cold, sickness and death. Against this cruelty there was hardly a protest anywhere. It was regarded as a necessary war measure, justified on the grounds that the end justifies the means. This is the whole argument when war stands at the bar of civilization. "Let us do evil that good may come," is the philosophy of the war makers. But Paul adds: "Whose damnation is just." It is a stern controversy between the old and the new, which is not yet settled.

Fatal Bravado

Two young men returning a few days since in a state of intoxication from a saloon, heard the approach of a train on the railroad track along which they were walking. In a spirit of drunken and reckless bravado, one dared the other to stand as long as he could on the track, with the result that both of them stood long enough to be killed by the train.

A good illustration this of the recklessness of every course of sin and evil indulgence. Whoever walks therein exposes himself to inevitable destruction. The destruction approaches; reason warns the poor fool to seek safety, to forsake the perilous track, but he replies, "Not just yet. A little more pleasure, a little more indulgence. I can walk a good while longer yet on this road before I need to get off." Nearer and nearer approaches destruction. Louder and louder roars the ominous doom. Reason, conscience, warning voices from within and without, cry to the reckless sin-

ner to fly from his peril. "Not yet, not yet," he replies. "I can still walk this way a little longer. The moments of sin are sweet." But even while he is speaking sudden destruction overtakes him, and that without remedy. It is the world old story. Wisdom cries in vain to the heedless multitude who are in the way of death. "Narrow is the way that leads to life, and few there be that find it."

Excluded Books

The Examining Board of the Boston Library excludes a long list of books, chiefly novels, from that institution, and some of the daily papers are making a great deal of fuss about it. There seems to be a wide openness in the minds of many would-be leaders of thought on all questions bearing upon public morals, a disposition to put no restraints of any character upon any sort of people, a readiness to expose the young to all sorts of questionable and manevolent influence. We think that the action of the Boston Board is in line of decency and good morals, and is to be highly commended. Nothing else is so badly needed in most libraries, and in many private ones, for that matter, as a good stout broom, able to sweep out the piles of literary dirt to be found there. Thousands of current novels are unfit to fall into the hands of clean people, but strange to say to publish such a fact about a novel is to insure for it a tremendous sale.

Lack of Reverence

Some preachers are complaining of a lack of reverence toward their sacred calling, manifested particularly by the young America who sometimes carries such a lofty nose in the sight of high heaven. Well, maybe there is some reason for the complaint, but let us suggest that while it is true concerning "the cloth," the best ground for reverence is that which is *behind* the cloth. In other words if the man is a *man*, if the preacher is a *man*, and not a bag of saw dust, he is not going to have much cause for complaining of lack of reverence, even from the aforesaid nosetopped young America. Manhood inspires reverence in all manly natures, no matter what the calling or "the cloth," and we would suggest that the preacher try it on once, and see how it works.

Misplaced Affection

A Massachusetts preacher has taken a sort of dog census, and declares that the women of Boston waste their time nursing 35000 dogs, and the women of New York twice as many. He also states that as a result of his inquiries many of these same women are greatly interested in charities and reformatories, where destitute children are cared for. The dogs they take into their own elegant homes, while the poor children are herded in public institutions. One would conclude from this statement that it was better to be a dog in Boston than to be an infant. But in a vast population it is easy to roll up apparently large figures on any eccentricities. The dog loving of Boston and New York is only the excep-